

wild and piteous chord that all the strings burst as if with unutterable grief.

Then the young man returned to his parents, and his sweetheart was buried with many tears.

And in due time he put fresh strings to the harp, which, though it was not as when it was in the hands of the Neck, yet it made most exquisite music, so that the young man became famous.

Furthermore, he occupied himself in good works until that his time also came.

## THE GREAT MARQUIS.

### CHAPTER III.

“The Gordon demands of him which way he goes,  
‘Where e'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose.’”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HE great civil war had broken out, the king had retired to York, and there all his faithful subjects had gathered round him. At Nottingham Charles set up his standard, and his nephew, Prince Rupert, having joined him, he found himself in a condition to give battle to the parliamentary forces, commanded by the Earl of Essex. It was just after the battle of Edgehill had been fought that Montrose left his home to offer his services to the king. He went first to York, whither the queen had arrived, and had an interview with Henrietta Maria. He urged upon her attention that the king had a great many brave and loyal subjects in the Highlands of Scotland, and why should not his majesty make some use of them? If the king would only provide them with a good leader, and authorize them to declare war against the Scottish parliament, Montrose promised he would do all in his power towards arming his own kinsmen and vassals.

But Hamilton interfered to turn the queen against Montrose, and unfortunately the king agreed with him and listened to his advice, and he sent Hamilton back to Scotland to negotiate with the rebels, making him at the same time a duke.

Montrose returned home disappointed and vexed that golden opportunities should be lost. He was chiefly indignant with Hamilton, and revenged himself by writing ridiculous verses about him, in which

he said that the first act of courage that Hamilton had ever performed was to kill a dog in the queen's garden at York with his sword.

But it soon turned out that no advice could have been worse than that of Hamilton. The Scots took no notice at all of his offers of peace ; and Hamilton, having done a great deal more harm than good, went back to the king at Oxford. He soon found that he would have done better to stay with his Scotch friends, for Charles, who had begun to suspect that he was playing him false, threw him into prison, and turned now to Montrose.

Montrose was ready, though he said that delay had made his plans far more difficult. The Scottish Estates had declared open war against the king ; they proclaimed Montrose a traitor, and set a price upon his head ; and they sent an army, under the command of Lord Leven, to assist the Earl of Manchester, who was marching against York. The armies, as soon as they had joined, laid siege to this important city, and the Marquis of Newcastle, who commanded the garrison, was obliged to send off in all haste to Prince Rupert for succours. Prince Rupert came, and at his approach Manchester and Leven fell back, and took up a position on the field of Marston Moor not far off. Rupert marched gaily into York at the head of his gallant band of Cavaliers, and expressed to Newcastle his immediate intention of fighting the Scots. Newcastle remonstrated, begging him to wait till Montrose, who was absent, could arrive with his troop. Rupert, however, never could remain quiet when there was a possibility of fighting ; he refused to listen to the Marquis of Newcastle, but led out his whole army to Marston Moor. The result was what Newcastle expected ; though the headlong courage of Prince Rupert drove back the Scots, yet, as usual, he suffered that courage to lead him too far, and he pursued them with such eagerness that he weakened the rest of his army, and they were unable to resist the charge of Cromwell's heavy cavalry. A tremendous charge was that of Cromwell's ; he drove right off the field the troops that were left to oppose him ; and when Prince Rupert returned with tired men and horses from his useless chase, he found Cromwell and his Ironsides masters of the field. In vain he strove to cheer on his wearied Cavaliers to a last charge ; they were utterly defeated and scattered, and the prince, finding himself alone and surrounded by foes, was obliged to turn his horse's head and abandon the field. Montrose meanwhile had been straining every nerve to reach the royal army,

but before he could arrive he heard of Prince Rupert's utter defeat. Nothing could look more deplorable than the state of the royal affairs. York had fallen into the hands of the Roundheads, Montrose's own small band of followers was not powerful enough to attempt to attack them, Prince Rupert's army was dispersed, and Montrose returned, perplexed and anxious, to Carlisle.

After a night of painful reflection his mind was made up. He called the officers of his little troop round him, informed them that he intended to march southwards at once to join the king's army, and gave orders that their preparations should be made as speedily as possible for departure. The men obeyed, and Montrose's own baggage being put up with the rest, they got to horse and put themselves in motion, never doubting that their commander was following. But to the officers Montrose had confided his plans, and these were: to go alone and in disguise to Scotland, make his way as well as he could to the Highlands, and there raise the king's standard amidst those blue lakes and heath-clad mountains. He desired his officers to lead his men to Oxford, and then bade them farewell.

No sooner were they gone than Montrose set off in the opposite direction, accompanied only by two faithful friends, Sir William Rollock and Colonel Sibbald. They disguised themselves as soldiers of Leven's army, and Montrose acted the part of servant to Rollock and Sibbald, riding behind them and leading the horse which carried their few articles of baggage. It was quite necessary that Montrose should adopt this disguise, for if he had been recognised in Scotland before he could get to the Highlands he would have run a very fair risk of being taken and hanged. The three friends travelled on safely, though on one occasion Montrose narrowly escaped being discovered, when they were stopping for a night at an inn. Another time, as they were riding through a little village in Scotland, a soldier who had been attentively watching them stepped up to them, and taking no notice of Rollock and Sibbald, took off his hat respectfully to the pretended servant. Montrose could not avoid noticing this, and in order to bear out his assumed character, he said, "You are mistaken, my good friend, and surely take me for some one else."

"What! do not I know my lord of Montrose?" was the reply. "Go your way, my lord, and God be with you wheresoever you go."—This old campaigner had served under Newcastle, and knew Montrose

well by sight, but he was true and faithful, and never betrayed the secret.

It was on an evening in August, 1644, that, after a rough and wearisome journey, Montrose and his two companions reached their secret destination. This was a moderate-sized house called Tillibelton, hard by the Grampians, the residence of a young and high-spirited kinsman, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie. By this youth Montrose was welcomed with true Highland hospitality, and he heard with delight that the earl intended to be his guest for some time, till the moment should arrive when he could discover himself to his Highland friends. Inchbrakie eagerly assured his chief that the loyal clans only waited for him in order to declare themselves, and that the moment he raised his standard numbers would hasten to join them.

But Montrose was anxious to ascertain first what was the disposition of the country before he ventured on openly showing his commission, and he remained accordingly hidden for a short time in the neighbourhood of his cousin's house, while he sent his two companions to Lord Napier to tell him that so far he was safe. Nor was he himself idle. "No chieftain of the purest Celtic blood," says Napier, the historian, "was a better mountaineer than the head of the Grahams." The wild districts comprised under the name of the Lennox, the shores of Loch Lomond, the baronies of Menteith, were familiarly known to him. Often had he traversed them in his boyish days, and like Malcolm in the "Lady of the Lake"—

"Right up Ben Lomond could he press,  
And not a sob his toil confess."

He knew the Highlander well, and understood his peculiar character, and now, when all others seemed to fail him, he determined to appeal to those who were ever ready to rise when the fiery cross was sent round to call them to battle.

He had received the royal commission, making him lieutenant-general of the royal army in Scotland, and a marquie, and news now came that a reinforcement of Irishmen, commanded by Alaster Macdonald, a brave and clever soldier, had already landed, and that Argyle was assembling all his forces to crush this little band which had presumed to invade his territory. Montrose determined to present himself unexpectedly to these wild and hardy troops, and writing to Macdonald

privately, he told him to go to Blair Athole, where he would find friends, and there wait for orders.

He had not to wait long. One morning Montrose and his cousin Patrick set out to walk across the hills to a steep and heathy knoll that rises close to the old castle of Blair Athole. Dressed in the highland kilt and belted plaid, the broad-sword and dirk by his side, the bonnet and eagle feather on his head, dusty and wayworn, he did not look much like the Marquis of Montrose, and still less like the lieutenant-general of a royal army. When the cousins reached the top of the hill, they found Macdonald's men, about twelve hundred in number, and a slender sprinkling of Highlanders awaiting them. The former gazed carelessly at the Marquis and young Inchbrakie as they approached, and imagined them to be at best but two Highland gentlemen come to join their assemblage. But the men of Athole and of Badenoch at once recognised their chief, and their enthusiastic delight spread like wild-fire through the rest; they flung themselves at the feet of Montrose, they embraced his knees, and vowed to follow him wherever he would lead them. Montrose looked round with mixed feelings of pride, hope, and ardour on that little band of true and faithful hearts, the nucleus of that army at whose head he was to perform such exploits; then, unfolding at once the royal standard, he displayed his commission, and spoke to his new followers of the glorious future that awaited them. His words of fire kindled an answering flame in those eager spirits, and pointing his pike in the direction of Stratherne, he led the way in the path so full of peril, but so full of honour, that lay before him, fully prepared from that hour to sacrifice all he had, even life itself, in the cause which to him was so sacred.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“ On thy blue hills no bugle sound  
Is mixing with the torrent's roar;  
Unmark'd the red deer sport around:  
Thou lead'st the chase no more.” ANON.

No sooner did the Covenanters hear that Montrose had put himself at the head of his army than they set actively to work to destroy him, if possible. He was indeed in a situation of danger, shut in between two armies; Argyle behind and Lord Elcho in front: he still feared neither, and resolved to attack Elcho at once, who was encamped near

Perth, on a field called Tippermuir. Montrose, unwilling to shed blood, sent over the Master of Maderty, his young brother-in-law, the husband of his favourite sister, Beatrice, to recommend them, in the king's name, to lay down their arms. The enemy, in the most dis-honourable manner, returned no answer, but kept the young man prisoner; and the Marquis then turned to his troops, and said, "Be careful of your powder, we have none to waste. At them, in the name of God and the king!" And the Highlanders *did* go at them, and through them, too; they pursued the fugitives into Perth itself, of which they took possession, and Montrose found there arms, ammunition, and clothing, of which he stood greatly in need.

But a shocking event took place directly after the battle, which clouded Montrose's joy for his victory. A short time before, the enemy had sent orders to Lord Kilpont, the eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, to arm his vassals and lead them against Montrose. But Lord Kilpont was a Royalist and a Graham, and therefore a distant kinsman of the Marquis, so instead of marching against him he joined him, as a hearty friend and ally. It happened that Lord Kilpont had a foster-brother, called James Stewart of Ardboirlich, to whom he was much attached. They had been brought up together as children, and Stewart had always shown the greatest devotion towards his young chief. Stewart was renowned in the Highlands for his immense personal strength, and for his warlike feats; especially for his ferocious combats with a certain wild tribe called MacEagh, or Children of the Mist. The Covenanters, knowing the friendship that existed between Stewart and Lord Kilpont, bribed the former to try and persuade his foster-brother to come back to their party. Accordingly, some days after the battle of Tippermuir, Stewart led Kilpont into a secluded spot, and when they were alone communicated to him the offers of the Covenanters, and proposed that they should assassinate Montrose, and then escape. Lord Kilpont was horrified at the notion of such a crime, and expressed his feelings so strongly, that Stewart, in a fit of fury, stabbed him to the heart, and escaped to Argyle, who received him with great favour, and immediately gave him a post in his army.

I shall pause a moment in my history to say a few words upon the state of the Highlands at this time, that you may understand some of the difficulties which Montrose had to contend with, in leading an army of such undisciplined troops. The difference in the manners

and customs of the Highlands and Lowlands was so great, that they might have been supposed to be different countries altogether. The former were hardly civilized at all, and in the days of the earlier kings of Scotland they used to give a great deal of trouble.

Robert Bruce, after he came to the throne, kept them in pretty good order, but in the days of his successors they became perfectly unmanageable: that indeed was chiefly because the nobility were perpetually quarrelling and fighting with one another, and gave their rulers enough to do. Robert III., who lived in the fourteenth century, tried to put a stop to their incessant quarrels, by ordering that twelve men, from two of the most powerful clans, should meet at Perth and fight a kind of bloody tournament, and that he himself was to superintend it, and decide which had the victory. Accordingly, twelve men of the Clan Quhele and twelve of the Clan Chattan fought it out; and they fought it so thoroughly that only one of the Clan Quhele was left alive, and he saved his life by jumping into the Tay and swimming across. The earls of Sutherland were the chiefs of the Chattan Clan, and even lately the Countess of Sutherland's title in Gaelic was "Panie-Morachate," which means the chieftainess of the clan of the Cat or Chattan.

A ferocious battle was fought at Harlaw between the Highlanders and Lowlanders during the captivity of James I. Sir Walter Scott wrote a ballad upon this battle, in which two thousand Lowland knights defeated twenty thousand Highlanders; but then, as the ballad says, the Lowlanders were "mail-clad men."

I shall quote a few verses of this spirited poem:—

"Now hear my tale both knight and earle,  
And listen, great and sma';  
While I sing of Glenallan's earl,  
How he fought at the red Harlaw.

"They've saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,  
They've bridled a hundred black;  
With a chaffron of steel on each horse's head,  
And a good knight upon his back.

"They had'na ridden a mile or twa,  
A mile but barely ten;  
When Donald came branking down the brae.  
Wi' twenty thousand men.

“ The stout earl in his stirrups stood,  
 That Highland host to see;  
 Now here’s a knight that’s stout and good,  
 Might prove a jeopardie.

“ ‘ What would’st thou do, my squire so gay,  
 Who rides beside my rein,  
 Were ye Glenallan’s earl the day,  
 And I were Roland Cheyne?’

“ ‘ To draw the rein were shame and sin,  
 To fight, were wondrous peril;  
 What would’st thou do now, Roland Cheyne,  
 Were ye Glenallan’s earl?’

“ ‘ Were I Glenallen’s earl the day,  
 And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
 My spur should be in my horse’s side,  
 My bridle on his mane.

“ ‘ Tis true that we are thousands twa,  
 And they are twice times ten;  
 But they have but their Highland plaids,  
 And we are mail-clad men.

“ ‘ Our horse would ride through ranks so rude  
 As through the upland fern;  
 Then ne’er let gentle Norman blood  
 Grow cold for Highland kerne.’ ”

James I., the poet-king of Scotland, who had learnt many lessons of government during his long but not unhappy captivity in England, ruled them with an iron hand, and the Highlands had reason to remember him long; he put a check on their incessant wars amongst themselves, and prevented them from invading and plundering the Lowlands or Low Countries. More stories than I have room for here are told of James’s justice and severity, and the consequence of his firm and strict mode of government was that he was cruelly murdered. His son, James II., who succeeded him, was a little boy of six years old; and as those who were to govern the country for him spent their whole time till the young king was seventeen in fighting amongst themselves, the Highlands became as wild and barbarous as ever. In this state they continued till the reign of James VI., when their

turbulence had arisen to such a pitch that the king was obliged to send the young Earl of Argyle of that day, a youth of eighteen, with a large army to reduce them to order, and a tremendous battle was fought at Dundee, in which there was great slaughter. But notwithstanding the quarrelsome propensities of the Highlanders, or "Red-shanks," as they were called, from their habit of wearing buskins of the hairy skin of the red deer,

(“Speed, Malise, speed, the dun deer’s hide  
On fleeter foot was never tied”)

they had many good qualities. They were brave, hospitable, and devoted to their chiefs. Each separate clan had its own chieftain, whom they were bound to obey implicitly, to follow on any enterprise in which he chose to engage, to enter on all his quarrels, and fight his enemies to the death. They were, on the other hand, much addicted to cherishing hereditary feuds; if a member of one clan had been injured by another, his son, and even his grandson, was obliged to keep up the quarrel till the injury was avenged. The relations of both parties always came to assist, and the hatred was carried on from generation to generation. Thus it was with the hereditary feuds of the Grahams and the Campbells in the days of which we are writing, the seventeenth century; but it is fair to say that the Campbells were at feud with many other clans besides the Grahams, from the manner in which they had extended their possessions at the expense of their neighbours. The Highlanders mostly retained an affection for their native sovereigns the Stuarts, and proved it from the way in which they rallied round Montrose; and not many years later round another hero of the house of Graham, who by them was hardly less adored—John Graham of Claverhouse, the victor of Killiecrankie—the gallant Dundee.

Such as I have been describing was pretty much the state of the Highlands when Montrose called on this half-civilized, but brave and hardy people to aid him to restore the authority of their king, Charles I., in Scotland; and having made this digression I shall in the next chapter resume my hero’s history.

(To be continued.)